* * * * * * * * * * * **D I S C L A I M E R** * * * * * * * * * * *

_Greenwood Annex contains graphic non-consensual sexual, and sometimes violent, scenes.

This story is **FICTION**. It does **NOT** depict any relationship between actual living people. This narrative deals with torture and cruelty of innocent human beings and in some cases children. The author **in no way** condones or promotes such acts. This is the world of fantasy only, and is not a representation of real life situations.

It is **NOT** intended for readers under 18 or those who are under the legal age, or those who are easily offended by pornography. If you are **UNDER 18**, or if you **ARE** offended by pornography, please press **<K>**ill or **<N>** and **DO NOT CONTINUE** to read.

All rights reserved:
Permission is hereby given to distribute this story via electronic means only, for non-profit use. This header must remain intact. All rights for this story remain the property of the author.

* *

GREENWOOD ANNEX

By POC

Heather Mann had just turned sixteen. She was a pretty girl but she didn't know it. No one had ever taken the time to tell her she was pretty, or that she was talented, or even a nice person for that matter. At the age of four Heather had been placed under the care of Greenwood juvenile detention and adoption center. Greenwood, a privately run but state funded institution reserved exclusively for female children did not waste their time developing self pride in any of the girls that came under their care. The girls at Greenwood were those unfortunate enough to find themselves in a position without parent or other family members or guardians to care for them and had become wards of the state.

Greenwood was a harsh environment for the girls placed there. Although they were feed and educated, absolutely no misconduct of any kind was ever tolerated, and any girl caught in such misbehavior was severely punished for the deed. Despite state laws forbidding any use of physical punishment it was not beyond the Greenwood staff to use both spanking and switching on the girls as long as the state board did not find out about it. All of the girls were so well conditioned or so frightened of the Greenwood staff there was never any question of anyone confiding to a state auditor about any physical mistreatment inflected on them at the institution. Heather like the other girls had come to accept her life at Greenwood as absolutely normal. She was completely accustomed to immediately doing anything a staff member told her to do without question, her reactions to a staff members demands was like second nature (or perhaps first nature) to her.

Heather was so well conditioned that she never once considered telling anyone that just after she had turned ten one of the male cleaning staff would once or twice a week come to her cot after everyone else was asleep and wake her by fondling her breasts and in-between her legs. At the time Heather didn't really understand what the man was doing and something inside of her even told her it was wrong, but she did not ever question his right to be doing it. Sometimes he would play with himself with one hand while using his other to fondle Heather, then at other times he would have Heather use one of her hands to play with his 'tool' as he had called it. He had shown her how to stroke him up and down until sticky stuff came out of the 'tool', then he would usually leave right away. This routine continued for a month or two until one night he had told Heather he wanted to try something different. He spread Heather's legs wide apart then climbed onto the cot on top of her. Heather soon felt excruciating pain when the man attempted to force his 'tool' in-between her legs. The pain became so server she involuntarily cried out in agony, and the man quickly covered her mouth with one hand muffling any farther cries of discomfort. Now silenced he continued pushing his 'tool' into her not realizing his hand was so large it not only covered the girls mouth but her nose as well. Heather was unable to breath but with the man's weight on top of her it made any struggling useless. Heather was just at the verge of unconsciousness when the man was roughly yanked backward away from the girl and onto the floor. It took several seconds and several deep breaths for Heather to recover her awareness enough to hear someone saying in a harsh voice. "……bastard! I heard that girl scream! Come on! Your fucking finished around here!" Then only silence. It felt like her bottom had been ripped apart and when she probed at the soreness between her legs with a finger it came away wet. It was too dark for her to tell if she was bleeding or if the dampness was only the mans sticky stuff. No one came around to see if Heather was injured or even to comfort the child…not that she would have expected anyone to have done either.

Greenwood taught a very condensed form of sex education to the girls consisting of a single lecture on female monthly cycles, and the merest basics about pregnancy, but Heather did on occasion have short conversations with other classmates on the subject and was somewhat able to piece together what the man had done to her when she was ten. Knowing did not change her feelings about it in any way. It had hurt….hurt real bad even, and she had gained a inward fear of men's 'tools' but she had not become traumatized over the experience. She was so acclimated to obeying a staff member she regarded what had happened to her as just another order that must be followed, although that order had certainly been more physically painful than most, it was just another order none the less.

Now at sixteen Heather had been told that she was to be transferred to another institution. The transfer bothered her. Greenwood was not so much a pleasant place to stay, but it was all she knew. It also had classmates she had grown up with, most of them not very close but there was one or two Heather thought of as friends. She was very distraught and frightened of leaving but knew any argument was out of the question, and would only succeed in getting her punished. Besides, all her life she had mechanically done whatever the staff had told her to do without question and this time would not be the exception.

She gathered up what few personnel possessions she owned and mechanically stepped into the van that would take her away from the only home and people she had ever known. No one came to bid her farewell or even gave the slightest hint of where she was to be taken, this was just another order not to be questioned.

Over the years Heather had known of other girls that had been transferred from Greenwood but they were very few, and she had never once considered she might become one of them herself.

As the van pulled away from the large dormitory style building Heather turned to look at the massive brick building for one last time, on the upper floor Heather saw for a brief second a window curtain part and the quick wave of farewell from perhaps one of the girls. The good-bye wave had been so quick she may have been mistaken, but she clung to the thought that it indeed it had been someone that cared she was leaving and she found herself unable to hold back the tiers of fright, uncertainty and loneliness. It had been difficult and sometimes even cruel at Greenwood but it was the only home she had ever known.

The van traveled for several hours with only the rhythm of its motor and the sound of tires on pavement to keep Heather company. Her one feeble attempt to make conversation with the driver was answered with dead silence, Heather didn't try again. Eventually the van made its way to a long narrow, little used winding dirt road that appeared to lead nowhere in particular. Heather had not seen any evidence of a town or a house or of any human habitation for that matter over the last hour or so, and she couldn't imagine where the van was taking her.

An hour later the van parked in front of a large four story home surrounded by a forest of pine and maple trees. Heather remembered the surrounding area was deserted for miles around and tried to imagine why anyone would build a house as grand as this one so isolated from the rest of civilization.

Heather was ushered inside the large house by the van driver who spoke to her for the first time telling her that her room was number three on the forth floor. There wasn't any other welcome by anyone nor other explanations by the driver offered her, and she really hadn't anticipated any would have been, after all this house was still part of Greenwood.

She made her way up three flights of stairs and opened the door with a large "3" stenciled on it. The room was a simple affair with two beds, one on either side of a window that over looked the front of the house, a large dresser with attached mirror, a small desk and hardwood chair and a closed door Heather discovered was a walk-in closet was everything the room contained. The closet contained a sparse set of hanging clothing, two dresses, two skirts, a pair of slacks, four blouses and a pair of brown pump shoes sitting on the floor.

Heather hung her meager selection of clothing on the opposite side of the closet then walked to the dresser. She found that only the top two right hand drawers contained any articles of clothing, one with several pairs of silk panties, five bra's, nylon stockings, a garter belt and a red lace teddy. The other drawer held cotton briefs, a flannel nightgown, and several pairs of plain white socks.

Heather selected the left two top drawers and placed her undergarments and other personnel items including her toiletries in them not having found any bathroom.

It was obvious to Heather that she had a roommate and that whom ever it was was approximately her same height and weight judging from the clothes hanging in the closet. Heather prayed her roommate would be someone she could become friends with, as frightened and alone as she felt at that moment Heather needed a good friend.

Not knowing which bed belonged to the roommate and certainly not wanting to disturb it in any way Heather sat down on the desk chair and folded her hands on her lap patiently waiting.

When the door opened and Heather looked up and was immediately filled with both joy and relief because the girl that had entered the room was Susan Allison. Susan was a year older than Heather and had transferred from Greenwood. about a year earlier and she at least was someone Heather knew.

Although Heather and Susan had not been real friends, they had been aquatinted none the less, and Heather felt such comfort at the prospect that she would at least be with someone she knew it really helped remove some of the anxiety and lonely feelings she had carried with her from Greenwood.

Heather jumped up from the chair and flung her arms around her Greenwood classmate. “Susan! Oh Susan! I’m so pleased to see you. I didn’t think I would find anyone I knew. I felt so abandoned. How have you been?”

“I’m okay, I guess.” Susan answered without displaying any of the same enthusiasm Heather had shown. Then Susan whispered close to Heather’s ear. “I’m ever so sorry to see you here Heather.”

Heather could not understand Susan’s cold reaction or why she would be so disappointed at finding they would become roommates. She took a step backward with a puzzled look on her face looking into Susan’s face for some kind of explanation. “Why on earth would you be sorry to see me Susan?” See asked still puzzled.

Susan merely waved her head ever so slightly indicating she didn’t want Heather to talk about it anymore, then said. “I meant I’m sorry I was unable to greet you when you first arrived, but I was in tape..aaa..in class. Oh! Here. I was asked to bring your schedule to you.” Susan held out a white sheet of paper toward Heather..

Heather accepted the paper and looked it over. Her name had been printed across the top and below that was listed a class schedule starting at eight in the morning carrying through to three thirty in the afternoon. Printed next to each hour segment was the academic course of study and next to that a room number.

“All the classrooms are located on the second floor. The dinning hall and gym are on the first floor. This floor and the third floor are all dorm rooms like this one.” Susan told Heather flatly while Heather studied her schedule.

“How many girls live here?” Heather asked looking up from the paper.

“It varies from time to time. Right now there are twenty five of us.” Susan answered.

“Really?” Heather said with surprise. “I can’t remember twenty five girls being transferred from Greenwood.”

“Yeah I know.” Susan answered. “There are only five….well six now with you here from Greenwood, all the others are from two other institutions apparently owned by the same bunch that run Greenwood. I don’t know where the other two orphanages…I mean institutions are located other than out of state.” Then in a lower voice. “We’re not allowed to talk about that though.” Susan continued in her normal tone of voice. “Come on. I’ll show you where the bathrooms are.”

As Heather followed Susan down the long hall she observed that the forth floor had five additional dorm rooms with numbers stenciled on their doors, 1 through 6 including her number 3. She concluded that if each room housed two girls there must be twelve girls on this floor. According to Susan the third floor was laid out similarly to this one so that accounted for twenty four girls total, she wondered where the other two stayed assuming she was the twenty sixth girl.

When Susan reached the end of the hall she pulled open a large door, inside Heather saw six toilet stalls off to her right, and a large shower stall with twelve shower heads to her left. Directly in front of her stood six hand basins with a large left to right mirror spanning the sinks. “This is it.” Susan told her. “You’ll need to bring your own toothpaste and towels with you when you come. We’re not allowed to leave any personal items in the bathrooms.”

Just then a male voice boomed out of a speaker mounted high in one corner of the room. “Heather Mann report to the admin. office immediately.”

Heather looked around nervously and Susan said. “They must want you for orientation. Go down to the first floor, Admin. is the double set of doors just to the left of the entry. Better hurry and not keep them waiting or it’ll go tough on you.”

Heather stood straight and tall inside the administration office before a seated man of forty five to fifty years old. The man wore a brown tweed suit and had a full head of hair worn loosely over a stern face and sharp pointed nose. Heather had seen face’s like his before at Greenwood. She was instantly reminded of how cruel men with faces like that could be if she were disobedient. Dire fear told her she would not be disobedient.

The man looked up after she had entered but he had not offered her a seat. “Miss Mann my name is Mister Compton I am the Superintendent here. I will explain the rules you will be required to abide by as long as you are here. I will explain these rules only this once. If you should neglect to follow any of theses rules there will be severe consequences. Have I made myself clear up to this point?”

Heather managed a nod but her knees almost banged together with fright.

“Good.” Mister Compton continued. “Then I’ll explain the rules. One, you are never to talk to anyone other than myself or another staff member about your past or where you came from before arriving here. Two, you will not become close friends with any of the other students, this is to include any roommates you may have now or later. Three, you will complete all class assignments on time and maintain a three point oh grade point average. Four, and most important you *will* do *anything* and *everything* a staff member tells you to do without question.” He had placed emphasis on the words “will”, “anything” and “everything.” After a brief pause he said. “Are all theses rules perfectly clear to you Miss Mann?”

Heather nodded once again.

“Please speak up Miss Mann I need to be absolutely assured you fully understand the rules I’ve just described to you.” He told her sternly.

“Ye….Yes sir.” She somehow managed to utter through a very dry throat.

“Excellent.” He said. “Now, if you will, please remove all of your clothing.”

Heather stood momentarily paralyze unable to fully comprehend what he was telling her to do. She didn’t understand how or why, and it seemed almost unnatural with her upbringing at Greenwood, but ever since her breasts began to develop and pubic hair to grow she had become bashful about exposing her body. Her mind was attempting to tell her he had said something other than for her to get undressed.

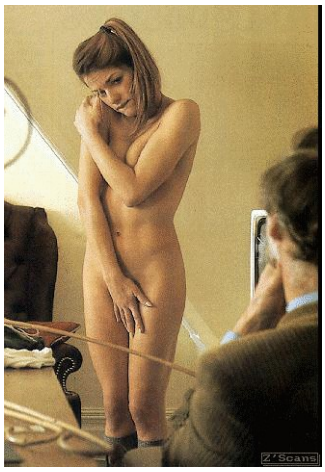
“Miss Mann!” He said sternly. “Do not force me to tell you again. Because your new here I will over look your hesitation this one time. Now please remove your clothing.”

Heather felt embarrassment and could feel redness filling her cheeks, but she was to well trained and much to frighten of this man to disobey the order. All the years spent at Greenwood had taught her how painful disobeying could be. On legs almost to weak to support herself she unfastened her jeans and stepped out of them, then she pulled her sweat shirt up over her head allowing it to fall on top of the jeans. She stood with both her face and body flushed in crimson in her bra and panties shivering with fear. She couldn’t get past the thought that he might want to put his ‘tool’ inside of her and she didn’t want that.

“All your clothing Miss Mann!” He said.

Her fingers were shaking so badly she found it difficult to get her bra unfasten, but eventual, by accident more that skill she managed and dropped it onto the growing pile of clothing at her feet. Reaching down she slid her

panties down her long legs then stood shyly attempting to cover her nakedness with her hands.



He just sat staring at her nude form for several moments before saying. “Uncover yourself Miss Mann.” She lowered her arms to her side, then with head bent forward eyes looking down at her feet she stood completely exposed to his gaze. She could almost feel his eyes on her nakedness probing into even the smallest private recess of her body as they migrated up and down her torso. Several more uncomfortable minutes passed before he said. “Very well. You may get dressed now and return to your room.”

Back in her room Heather ran to Susan feeling compelled to talk to someone about her experience in the administration office. She also felt the need to tell someone about how frightened she had been and her fear of the man’s ‘tool’.

Susan got a peculiar look on her face and pushed Heather away before saying. “Let’s have a look in the closet. I want to make sure you fully understand where my clothes are hung and where you can hang yours so as not to disturb any of my stuff.” She took Heather by the hand and pulled her into the closet. Once inside she whispered.

“Don’t say or do anything in our room, there’s a camera and microphone in there and you can never tell when someone’s watching or listening.”

Heather began to understand why Susan had be acting so strangely. Spying was nothing new to her it had been done on occasion at Greenwood and she understood the consequences of saying or doing the wrong thing if someone happened to be monitoring.

The girls walked out of the closet and Susan said. “Okay, do you understand how I expect all my things to remain?”

“Yes Susan.” Heather answered. “I’ll be sure to respect your wishes and keep away from your side of the closet.”

“Good. I’m glad that’s clear then.” Susan said flatly.

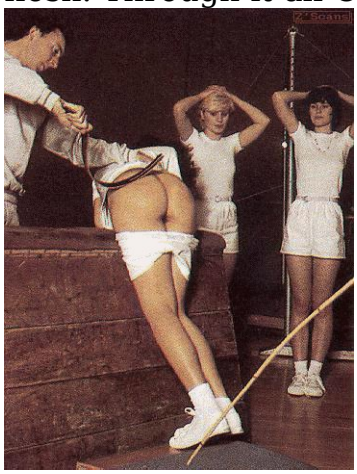
The next two weeks were busy one’s for Heather getting acclimated to the routine of class and protocol structure in her new environment. Heather found that all the classes were small consisting of five or six girls at most. She

also found that the girls did not interact on a personal level with each other very much. There were a million questions Heather was dying to ask but very little conversation took place between girls unless it was associated with some academic requirement and she never had any opportunity. Even Susan refused to engage in any friendly conversation being afraid they might be over heard.

It was on Friday of Heather's second week at the new institution she first witnessed a class punishment. She along with five other girls were performing exercises for Gym class. Each girl among other things was required to execute six chin ups on a high bar. Heather had by the barest of margins managed the six, but Cynthia, a good looking blond girl and fellow classmate just couldn't get past four pull ups even after several attempts with each attempt by Cynthia becoming progressively worse, The Gym instructor, Mister Gramm turned, walked over to a balance beam, then while patting the top of the beam he said two single words in a stern voice. "Miss Larson!"

Heather didn't know exactly what was happening but when the other four girls stepped backwards and folded their hands on their heads, she figured she had better follow their example.

Heather and the other four classmates lined up, hands on top of their heads, watched as Cynthia walked over to the balance beam. Cynthia was biting down on her lower lip as if holding back tiers. When she reached the beam she immediately pushed down her Gym shorts and leaned forward over its top surface. Mister Gramm slowly removed his belt from his pants then struck Cynthia time and time again on her bare bottom. The leather made a loud "Cracking" sound with each blow and Heather could see red welts appear on the girls behind each time the belt snapped across the girls tender flesh. Through it all Cynthia did not utter a sound.



After ten or so lashes Mister Gramm discontinued the strapping, then taking one of his hands he gently rubbed along the red welts his belt had inflected. Heather wasn't positive but she thought she detected a bulge forming under Mister Gramm's sweat pants during the punishment. Heather assumed it was his 'tool' getting stiff with excitement just as the clean up man's had when he had her touch his. The bulge was much more predominate after he leaned Cynthia upright and carefully looked her over. Cynthia stood before her assailant, her Gym shorts bundled around her knees, dampness forming at the corners of her eyes and said nothing.

"You may pull up your Gym shorts now Miss Larson." He told her flatly. Then added "Class dismissed."

After showering and changing Heather returned to her room and found Susan sitting on the edge of her bed. “God! Susan,” Heather started with excitement in her voice. “you know in Gym class today….”

Susan cut off her words by leaping off the bed and pushing Heather toward the closet. “Isn’t that my blouse your wearing? I told you not to touch my things! Get in there and take it off right now!” She steered Heather into the walk-in closet.

“Are you half-witted or what?” Susan whispered to Heather once both girls were safely in the closet. “How many times do I have to tell you they might be listening! Look whatever happened in Gym class is none of your business and your better off just forgetting it.”

“I know,” Heather whispered back. “but for no reason at all hardly, Mister Gramm really give Cynthia a lashing. I felt so wretched for her. I…..”

“Look,” Susan interrupted. “that’s how its done around here. Everyone….even you will get the same thing one time or another. It only takes the smallest screw up and the next thing you know you’ve got welts on your ass. Forget it okay.”

“Yeah but….” Heather started to say but was interrupted once again by Susan.

“Damn it Heather! Don’t you get it? Look around and think a little. Haven’t you noticed that only the prettiest girls get transferred here. Shit! We’re nothing more to them than objects they can use to make money off of…and big money would be my guess.”

“Money?” Heather was completely confused now. “I don’t see how….”

“Not now. We’ll talk latter. We’d better get out of here before someone becomes suspicious.” She turned to leave then quickly turned back. “You’d better change that blouse before you come out.”

Heather was filled with questions she wanted to ask Susan, but over the next three days she hardly even saw her roommate as Susan didn’t return to their room until well after Heather was already in bed. The early mornings were not any better with Susan up and out of the room so quickly no opportunity presented itself to confront her safely.

In those three days Heather was witness to another spanking inflicted by Mister Larson during history Class. Alice at Thirteen and the youngest girl at ‘Greenwood annex’ as Heather began referring to the institution, was very well developed for a girl of her age and gave the appearance of being older, Alice was having difficulty giving a verbal report covering the war of eighteen twelve. Alice seemed to understand the subject matter well enough but she stumbled over her words and stuttered on several occasions. Mister Larson ran out of patients and in the middle of her oral presentation he padded the top of his desk. Alice came away with several red welts on her bare bottom.

The following Thursday night Heather was awakened to whispering by a unfamiliar voice inside their room. Through foggy eyes she looked over toward Susan's bed and thought she recognized the profile of a Mister Stillwell silhouetted against the full moon reflecting in through the window. Mister Stillwell didn't teach any of the classes Heather was familiar with but she had seen him around now and again. He was a older man maybe as old as sixty some or even seventy some with very little hair other than a thin white band around his ears.

The whispering that had awoke Heather was Mister Stillwell shaking the sleeping form of Susan. "Hey... wake up... I'm here." Susan awoke with a start, "Wa...What?"

"Quite!" He whispered back angrily, "I don't want to wake her up. I could get in big trouble for this, after all I am doing you a big favor girl."

"Yeah I know." Susan whispered back with disgust in her voice.

"Hurry up, get your pants off." He whispered and Heather heard the distinct grinding of a zipper being drawn downward.

Through the dim light Heather could see the old man first lift one leg then the other slipping of his pants. She watched as Susan threw back the bed covers and raised both of her legs so she could pull off her pajama bottoms.

"Oh yeah!" She heard the old man whisper with excitement in his voice as he climbed onto the bed. "Unbutton your top. Let me feel your tits." Susan must have done as he had requested because the old mans breathing became heavy and irregular and he whispered. "Oh Yeah! Nice! Real nice!"

The old mans breathing became even more irregular and the bed springs groaned under pressure and Heather could see the man's white butt driving upward then downward, it catching the full reflection of the moon with each up stroke.

The old man took on a rhythm that lasted for several minutes then Heather heard him moaning. "Aaa....Aaa..Aaaaa..Aaaaa."

Without another word the old man slid off the bed, and quickly put on his pants then silently slipped out of the room.

Heather slid out of her bed and crept over to Susan. In a low voice she said. "God! Susan. What was all that about?"

Susan sat up on the bed and said. "Oh! Your awake?"

"Well yeah, sure." Heather answered. "I mean.. what with all that going on I couldn't help it. What was all that about anyway?"

"I let the old bastard fuck me." She answered casually.

"I saw that...but why?"

"I screwed up today. Screwed up big time and he caught me at it....so I let him fuck me so he wouldn't tell anyone. They don't normally let him have any of the girls. That's why he didn't tell...provided I gave him some. Christ! I

didn’t think he’d want it so soon, and I just bet the old son-of-a-bitch is going to want more... unless his fucking heart gives out before then.” Susan sounded disgusted and her voice had risen in volume considerably.

“What about the microphone and all.” Heather began to panic remembering their room was monitored.

“He turned all that off before coming up here. It’ll be a while before its back on.” Susan answered. Then in a harsher tone she said. “Shit! I’ve got that old bastards cum running down my legs. Get me a towel so I can wipe it off will you.”

Heather retrieved a towel from the dresser and handed it to Susan. As Susan swabbed the towel between her legs Heather was reminded of what she had learned about pregnancy, even as limited as that education had been she knew men’s sperm, cum as some of the girls called it would get you pregnant. “Aren’t you afraid of getting pregnant?” She asked.

“Pregnant! Are you kidding? They issue me pills guaranteed to keep me child free. You don’t think that old geezer is the only one around here that wants to dip his wick do you?”

“Dip his wick?” Heather didn’t understand the last statement at all.

“Yeah. Dip his wick.... Slam the salami..... Hide the bologna..... Fuck.... Hump.... Screw..... Ball....Sexual intercourse... Everyone of the bastards around here at one time or another will want what’s between our legs, and you should have learned by now, if they want it, they just take it. Wake up girl, several of them have fucked, or done worse to me in the year I've been here." Susan's voice lowered then and she seemed to be thinking and talking more to herself that to Heather when she said. "The first time is the worst though....even with the subservient upbringing at Greenwood it makes you feel so violated, so used....so...so...and they don't care, they just take you.....and take you and take you....." Her voice returned to normal and she looked up. Heather saw silver moonlight filtered streaks of tiers flowing down Susan's cheeks. "I'll tell ya Heather...I almost committed suicide after that first time. God how I just wanted to die." She took that moment to throw the towel angrily toward the dresser then continued. "This is so fucked up. I've got to get out of here. I've just got too....somehow."

"So.....So do you think their going to do the same thing to me.....You know...Dip their wick...." Heather still held that fear of their `tools' and had become a little concerned listening to Susan.

"Its only a matter of time." Susan answered, then added. "I am sorry Heather."

Heather could do little about her fear of being `fucked'...and she had become somewhat shy about her body.. but she couldn't understand Susan's over powering bitterness with it. After all it had happened to her when she was ten...and it had hurt.. hurt real bad even...but she knew the pain came mostly from the first time...and, she had been very young...but, if a staff

member wanted to do it, there was nothing anyone could do about it, you couldn't just say no. So even with her fears of a staff member demanding to put his `tool' into her....she would have to let him. What she couldn't get a grasp on was Susan's reference to being violated and used and how emotional Susan was about the whole thing.

She was about to ask Susan what she had meant about being violated, but decided against it for the moment based on Susan's fervent state and asked instead. "How did you learn so much...you know about everything? You seem to know so much."

"Oh, you pick up things from the girls that have been here for a while....and from the men. You'd be surprised at what things they'll tell you when they've got their cock in you."

Heather suddenly remembered one of the many other questions she had been unable to ask previously. "Susan, at one time you mentioned that they make money off us being here. How do they do that?"

It was at that moment a very short high pitched "snick" erupted out of the small microphone mounted inside the room. Susan covered her lips with one finger indicating she wanted Heather to remain silent, then she pointed to Heather's bed. Heather crept back to her bed with her many questions still unanswered.

It was on the following Monday during math class that Heather became the recipient of punishment at Greenwood annex for the first time.

Heather was totally absorbed in copying down the examples the math instructor had written on the black board and she clumsily knocked her math book off the desk on to the floor. The book made the loudest sound she had ever heard in the silent classroom. Nervously leaning over to retrieve the fallen book she accidentally snapped the lead point off her pencil. The math instructor having seen enough patted the top of his desk.

Heather stood then walked toward the desk on knees hardly able to support her weight. She was so scared it took all of her concentration just to keep for wetting her underpants, knowing the consequences for doing that would be severe indeed.

Hardly remembering the walk she stopped at the edge of desk and almost mechanically reached under her dress, and pulled off her panties then she leaned forward resting her head on the desks cool surface as she had seen little thirteen year old Alice do. She felt her dress being raised over her back and a cold breath of air passing across her bared bottom, then a sharp stinging pain from the wooden pointing stick when it struck her tender pink flesh.

The pain intensified with each succeeding blow as the pointing stick found its mark on Heather’s flesh. Just when Heather felt the pain would force her into tiers in spite of her restraint from doing so, she felt a hand rubbing her bruised and swollen flesh. For just an instant she felt a finger probing inside her then the words. “Back to your seat Miss Mann.”

Carefully she pulled her panties over her sore bottom, then finding her right cheek
somewhat less painful than the left, she gingerly sat down on it.

The day following Heather's switching she learned by accident some of what Susan had told her about `them wanting to dip their wicks'. During history class thirteen year old Alice once again was required to give her oral history presentation, as with her previous attempt she had difficulty, but this time Mister Larson told the girl he would deal with her at a later time rather than handing out the usual immediate punishment. At first Heather thought perhaps he was postponing punishment because Alice had so recently suffered such trauma to her backside, but farther thought convinced her she must be wrong. That would have been the first time anyone had shown any compassion, no Alice she was sure would be punished. She felt sorrow for the poor girl.

The period following history was lunch study hour and Heather remained in the classroom after everyone, including mister Larson had left, she wanted to use one of the class reference books, feeling her grade might be slipping, and she could not afford to find out what that would mean. Ten minutes later she was fully occupied using the reference book to re-write a report when she heard voices coming her way from out in the hall. Not knowing if she would get into trouble for remaining in the classroom she quickly moved behind the large bookcase where she wouldn't be seen. Through a opening between two books Heather saw Mister Larson enter the classroom with Alice.

"Now Alice." Mister Larson was saying. "You know I'll have to spank you even harder than before for your inability to give your report. Don't you?"

"Yes....Yes sir Mister Larson. I know..." Alice was attempting to hold back tiers. "I know sir..." She continued. "I...I just don't know if I can take any more. I'm so sore sir. Please...Please sir don't...Please sir.." Then tiers did flow down the girls cheeks.

Heather watched as Mister Larson ran his hand along the girls hair. "I'm afraid there is no choice." He told the girl and pushed her forward over the desk.

Alice continued crying as Mister Larson lifted her skirt then pulled down her panties. Heather could easily see the ugly red welts along with some black and blue bruises on Alice's rear and Heather could just imagine how much pain the girl must be in.

"Please sir....Please...." Alice pleaded with the teacher.

Heather watched as Mister Larson ran his hand over the girl's exposed rear tenderly. "Perhaps there is a way we can keep from swatting this cute little rear end anymore." Larson said as he continued rubbing the girl's behind.

Alice twisted her head sideways, "Oh yes sir. Thank you sir...Thank you." Heather heard relaxation in the young girls voice.

"Okay. First let me see what we have here" His hand slipped down in-between the girls legs and Heather saw one of his fingers slowly push up into the girl. Alice flinched nervously while the man fingered her. "Wa...What are you do... doing sir?" Her voice broke several times. "I'm just examining a little. I won't hurt you." His voice sounded calm. After several moments of probing the girl he turned and walked to the classroom door locking it. "You know Alice I've been watching you. Your very young and your so very pretty I'm going to let you do something for me and then I won't have to whip you. Is that all right?"

"Ye..Yes I guess so sir...Bu....But what is you want me to do sir." Alice sounded a little scared.

"Well first, I want you to take off your blouse and let me see your breasts."

Alice looked uncomfortable but did as he requested. Her budding breasts were small and firm, not fully developed yet. "Oh! What cute little titties you have Alice." Mister Larson said and he took the girls breasts into his hands kneading the soft flesh.

"Let me see what you have under there..." He continued then slipped one of his hands under the girls skirt. Alice flinched nervously but did not attempt to pull away. "You don't have very much hair yet, do you? Just a little peach fuzz." Heather watched while his hand continued to fondle between the girls legs. "Do you like this baby? Does it feel good?"

Alice didn't answer immediately and Mister Larson's took on a harsh tone. "I asked you if you like it! If it feels good! Answer me!" Heather assumed he must have done something with the hand under the girls skirt because Alice suddenly looked to be in great pain and uttered a high pitched squeal.

" Ohwoo....Ye...Yes sir.....I...like it....I ." Heather felt Alice was about to break down in tiers again at any moment.

"Of course you do." He said claming his voice once again. "Okay baby." He continued. "Now I'm going to show you what I want you to do. Okay?"

"Okay...Sure." Alice replied but was obviously petrified with fear.

Mister Larson unfastened his pants and pushed them down to his ankles. His tool was stiff and stood erect. "Okay honey." He said. "Get down on your knees and lick right here." He pointed at the tip of his tool.

Alice dropped down and licked at the tip of his tool as if it were a lolly pop and
tiers began to flow once again
.

"That's my girl." He told her. "Now open your mouth. Cover your bottom teeth with your tongue and put the whole thing inside."

Alice filled her mouth with about a third of his shaft. "More!" He yelled. "The more of it you put in your mouth the better it is." He reached behind the girls head and pulled her toward him. Heather heard Alice make several gagging sounds when Mister Larson's tool was driven farther back into the girls mouth. "That's better and get use to it. Now bob your head forward and back taking as much of it in your mouth as you can."

Alice moved her head forward and back gagging uncomfortably each time she came forward. "Oh yes!....That's it.....Oh yeah....Suck it...." His voice almost became a whisper. After several minuets he mooned.
"Ohooo...Yes....I'm going to come now ....Aaaaa....keep it in your mouth. That's it....Aaaaaaaaa." Heather saw some of the man's sticky stuff seeping out from the corners of Alice's mouth but the frightened girl keep bobbing forward and back along the man's tool. "You can swallow it honey it wouldn't hurt you."

Mister Larson pulled his tool out of the girls mouth then said excitedly. "Hurry turn around I want to put this inside your little snatch before it gets to soft." Almost frantically he lifted the girl upright then turned her around. He pushed her forward and lifted up her skirt. Heather could see the ugly red welts on the girls bottom once again. He then took his softening tool in one hand and helped force it part way into the girl's vagina. Alice squirmed uncomfortably sobbing violently while the man pushed into her but his `tool'

was mercifully much to soft to remain inside the girl without him holding it and it plopped out.

"That was very good Alice." He told her as he pulled up his pants. "I needn't spank you now. That was much better than a spanking wasn't it?"

Alice was having difficulty gaining her voice because she was sobbing so violently. Mister Larson slapped her on the side of the head then repeated. "That was better than a spanking wasn't it Alice."

"Ye...Yes sir...Thank you sir." Alice answered.

"Well good." He smiled down at her. "Perhaps we will do that again sometime?'

"I...Don't...Know..I guess...If you want too sir."

"Yes. We'll see. Hurry on now. You wouldn't want to be late for your next class now. Do you?"

"No sir." Alice said as she slipped on her blouse.

Heather watched as Mister Larson guided Alice out into the hall, his arm draped across the girls thin shoulders, and Heather began to understand a little about what Susan had said about being violated and used, she decided she didn't ever want to be forced to do what Mister Larson had compelled Alice do. Heather had started the process of thinking of herself as a person for the very first time.